

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

*Enter Frier with Lamborne, Crow, and Spade.*

*Fri.* St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night  
Haued my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?

*Man.* Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

*Fri.* Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend  
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light  
To grubs, and eyelesse Sculles? As I discerne,  
It burneth in the Capels Monument.

*Man.* It doth so holy sir,  
And there's my Master, one that you loue.

*Fri.* Who is it?

*Man.* Romeo.

*Fri.* How long hath he bin there?

*Man.* Full halfe an houre.

*Fri.* Go with me to the Vault.

*Man.* I dare not Sir.

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,  
And fearefully did menace me with death,  
If I did stay to looke on his intents.

*Fri.* Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me,  
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.

*Man.* As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,  
I dreamt my maister and another fought,  
And that my Maister slew him.

*Fri.* Romeo.

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which stains  
The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?  
What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

*Romeo,* oh pale: who else? what *Paris* too?  
And sleept in blood? Ah what an vnkind houre  
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?  
The Lady stirs.

*Jul.* O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?  
I do remember well where I should be:

And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

*Fri.* I heare some noyle Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,  
A greater power then we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,  
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:

And *Paris* too: come Ile dispose of thee,  
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnas:  
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.  
Come, go good *Juliet*, I dare no longer stay.

*Jul.* Go get thee hence, for I will not away.  
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true lones hand?  
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end  
O churle, drinke all and left no friendly drop,  
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,  
Happie some poyson yet doth hang on them,  
To make me die with a restorative.  
Thy lips are warme.

*Enter Boy and Watch.*

*Watch.* Lead Boy, which way?

*Jul.* Yea noyle?

Then ile be brieue, O happy Dagger,  
Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die *Kills herselfe.*

*Boy.* This is the place,

There where the Torch doth burne

*Watch.* The ground is bloody,

Search about the Churchyard.

Go some of you, who ere you find attach,

Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,

And *Juliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried,  
Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capulet,  
Raile vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,  
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,  
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,  
We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Enter Romeo's man.*

*Watch.* Here's *Romeo's* man,

We found him in the Churchyard.

*Con.* Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

*Enter Frier, and another Watchman.*

*3. Wat.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes  
We tooke this *Mattocke* and this *Spade* from him,  
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.

*Con.* A great suspicion, stay the Frier too.

*Enter the Prince.*

*Prin.* What misaduenture is so early vp,  
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

*Enter Capulet and his Wife.*

*Cap.* What should it be that they so shrike abroad?

*Wife.* O the people in the streete crie *Romeo*.

Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne

With open outcry toward our Monument.

*Pri.* What feare is this which startles in your eares?

*Wat.* Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,

And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,

Warne and new kil'd,

*Prin.* Search,

Seeke, and know how this foule murder comes.

*Wat.* Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeo's* man,

With Instruments vpon them fit to open

These dead mens Tombes,

*Cap.* O heauen!

O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!

This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house

Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,

And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome.

*Wife.* Ome, this sight of death, is as a Bell

That waikes my old age to a Sepulcher.

*Enter Mountague.*

*Pri.* Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp

To see thy Sonne and Heire now early downe.

*Mount.* Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,

Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath:

What further woe conspires against my age?

*Prin.* Look: and thou shalt see.

*Mount.* O thou vntaught, what manners in is this,

To presse before thy Father to a graue?

*Prin.* Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,

Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their true descent,

And then will I be generall of your woes,

And lead you euen to death: meane time forbear,

And let mischance be slave to patience,

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Fri.* I am the greatest, able to doe least,

Yet most suspected as the time and place

Doth make against me of this direfull murder:

And heere I stand both to impeach and purge

My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

*Prin.* Then say at once, what thou dost know in this?

*Fri.* I will be brieue, for my short dare of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

*Romeo* there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*,

And she there dead, that's *Romeo's* faithfull wife:

I married them; and their stolne marriage day  
Was *Tybalts* Doomesday: whose vntimely death  
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:  
For whom (and not for *Tybalts*) *Juliet* pinde.

You, to remoue that siege of Greefe from her,  
Betsoch'd, and would haue married her perforce  
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,

And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuise some meanes  
To rid her from this second Marriage,

Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.

Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)

A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her

The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,

That he should hither come, as this dyre night,

To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,

Being the time the Potions force should cease.

But he which bore my Letter, *Frier Iohn*,

Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight

Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,

At the prefixed houre of her waking,

Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,

Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,

Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.

But when I came (some Minute ere the time

Other awaking) heere vntimely lay

The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.

Shee wakes, and I intreated her come forth,

And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:

But then, a noyle did scarse me from the Tombe,

And she (too desperate) would not go with me,

But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.

All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priuy:

And ifought in this miscarried by my fault,

Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,

Vnto the rigour of severest Law.

*Prin.* We will haue knowne thee for a Holy man.

Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this?

*Boy.* I brought my Master newes of *Juliet's* death,

And then in poste he came to

To this same place, to this

This Letter he early bid me

And threatned me with death

If I departed not, and left

*Prin.* Giue me the Letter

Where is the Countie *Paris*?

*Page.* He came with flow

And bid me stand aloofe, a

Anon comes one with light

And by and by my Maister

And then I ran away to cal

*Prin.* This Letter doth

Their course of Loue, the

And heere he writes, that

Of a poore Potheecarie, and

Came to this Vault to dye

Where be these Enemies?

See what a scourge is laid

That Heauen finds meanes

And I, for winking at you

Have lost a brace of Kinsmen

*Cap.* O Brother *Mountague*

This is my Daughters ioyne

Can I demand.

*Mount.* But I can giue th

For I will raise her Statue

That whiles *Verona* by th

There shall no figure at th

As that of True and Faithf

*Cap.* As rich shall *Romeo*

Poore sacrifices of our en

*Prin.* A glooming pea

The Sunne for sorrow wil

Go hence, to haue more ta

Some shall be pardon'd, an

For neuer was a Storie of

Then this of *Juliet*, and he

FINIS.

